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Title: BEWARE PIRATES!

Author: Orco  
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Greetings  
Rannulf  
Information  
Rangers in Brae  
Miners in Minoc  
Mages in Moonglow  
Farmers in Britain  
Sailors in Vesper  
Lot  
Bribery  
Need  
Stones  
24o31's 1o28'E  
Jacob The Ranger

Answer to Fare: "Well  
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She has a better hold of  
how we Ranger fare."

Answer to Need: "Speak  
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with  
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words than I."  
understand that? Now,  
leave! Not another  
WORD from you!"  
WORD:  
\*angrily frowns\* Ye are  
truly annoying me. Not  
another PEEP or else!"  
PEEP:  
"One more SOUND and  
ye shall regret it!"

SOUND:  
"That's it \*the mage  
starts casting a teleport  
spell while starring at  
you  
angrily.\* Flee now or find  
yourself teleported far  
from my sight, you  
PEST, you! This is your  
last warning!"  
PEST:  
Result; \*\*being  
teleported  
to Nujel'm Court\*\*\*  
Barbara The Mage  
\*Standing at other  
corner

from Farngil\*

FARE:

"\*waves you off with  
indignation\* I care quite  
little for how ye fare."

NEED:

\*shoes you away\* Speak  
to me not of needs!

Cassandra The Mage

Fare:

"Hail? I fare fine, thank  
you."

Need:

"Speak to Elyes. He's  
the important looking  
mage in the big hat over  
there."

Elyes The mage

Greetings:

\*eyes you suspiciously\*

Hail. Something ye

NEED?

Need:

"I need nothing. How do  
ye FARE?"

Fare:

"Ah, hail. We had  
divined that  
representatives of the  
CROWN were to "grace"  
us with their presence  
here on Verity Island."

Crown:

"Our Leige and his..hm..  
"officiants" would do well  
to remember that we of  
the COUNCIL of  
Mages fare just fine  
without interference from  
the mainland."

Council:

"I see that look upon  
your  
face. Yes, the Council of  
Mages still manage their  
own affairs here. And  
why shouldn't we? It has  
been years since the  
\*looks down\* Ope, sorry  
about yer shoes there.  
Hail stranger. how do we  
fare ye ask? Hm.. good  
QUESTION."

Question:

"Not going to lie.. things  
are a bit tricky right

now.

YIELD wasn't what we  
wanted this year.

Yield:

"Aye.. the onions failed.

Totted from within. Say,

maybe ye could help us

make up the shortfall?

Any bit of gold would go

a long way."

\*Gives some gold\*

"Well! Thank ye stranger!

That'll help smooth

\*looks down\* Ope, sorry

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Greetings:

"Oh thank goodness! I  
NEED rescue!"

Need:

"I need a way off this  
island, that's for sure..  
but I also need fewer  
PIRATES roamin' the  
waters around Jhelom."

Pirates:

"Aye, that's what  
HAPPENED. We were  
set upon by pirates just  
past North Jhelom."

Happened:

"Fact-finding, eh? Then  
that's what His Highness  
needs to know. His  
waters be teemin'  
with pirates these days!"